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} GLUBS—FOR THREE TO GLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE. }

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Choice Poetry.

THE BLIND BOY.

BY THE REV. DR. HAWKS.

It was a blessed Summer day,
The dewiest hastened—the air was mild,
The little birds hymned their thanks to God,
And everything in nature smiled.

In pleasant thought I wandered on,
Beneath the dense wood's ample shade,
Till suddenly I came upon
Two children, and that children strayed.

One sat on aged bank-bent's feet
A little boy and girl reclined,
His head in hers lay fast asleep,
And then I saw the boy was blind.

The children knew not I was near,
I drew concealed me from their view,
But all day long I will recall
The beautiful sight I did pursue.

And I could see all they might do.

"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,
"That little bird sings very long;
Say, do you see him in his joy,
And is my pretty cat by him sing?"

Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,
"I see the bird on yonder tree."
The poor boy's pleasant gaiety said,
"Sister, I wish that I could see."

"The flowers, you say, are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there;
How beautiful for one who sees!

"Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,
And I can feel the green leaves moist and cool,
And I can hear the notes that swell
From those dear birds that God has made.

"So, sister, God to me is kind,
Though sight, alas! He has not given;
And still on me doth rest my mind
Among the children up in Heaven."

"No, dearest Edward, there all sees—
Not only our acts, but our thoughts, too!"
"Oh, Mary, He's as good to me,
I thought, I'd like to look at God!"

Ere long, thereon his head had bed
On that dear boy; so meek and mild,
He widowed mother wept and prayed,
That God would spare her eyeless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,
And said, "Oh, never weep for me,
I am going to a bright, bright place,
Where Mary says I God shall see.

"And you'll be there, dear Mary, too;
Still, mother, when you get up there,
Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you—
You know I never saw you here!"

He spoke no more, but evenly rested
Until the final blow was given—
When God took up the poor blind child,
And opened for it eyes in Heaven!

Home Journal

Original Novelet.

THE BELLS OF THE SPRINGS.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CAROLINE LEE HENTZ,
AUTHOR OF "THE MOB CAP," "LINDA," &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

One evening, Mr. Rolland sat in the piazza, smoking his pipe, with one arm thrown around Grace, who reclined against his shoulder in perfect confidence, rather than stillness from the affectionate entrance that stamped her to a widower's heart. She thought that all the bells that rang for her filial devotion, for she did not like the pretentious and fashionable appellation of the elder of the narrative wood. She did not even like her father should smoke a pipe in his presence; but she knew she might as well ask the sun not to breathe, or not to smoke. Indeed she was so accustomed to the fragrant weed, that the curling head, looming through the blue mist of the curling smoke, to the calmness of evening twilight, that the wreathing vapor was almost a part of himself.

"Lorraine is a fine fellow," said he, regarding his pipe, with emphasis. "I say, Fan, I like Lorraine almost as well as Harry Hemel. If he had not been adopted, I believe I should like him better. I have always set down Harry as my future husband, but if you, too, like Lorraine, indeed, I don't know that I should object; only I would not like the idea of your being a widow, before you are old enough to be a wife."

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed Grace, covered with burning blushes, "don't talk in that way. Mr. Lorraine never thought of such a thing. He looks upon me as a child, a mere child. I don't want to be married to any one. I'd be like Miss Angelica Bellair, who seems to be an old maid.—"

"Old Bible-stick!" interrupted Mr. Rolland; "when I hear a young girl declare she never means to marry, it signifies that she is ready to run off with the first fine fellow that comes to her. Don't talk such nonsense to me. I've no use of my cars, and if you don't give me a reasonable time for courting, I will adopt one myself, and make him my heir, too."

Pushing good-naturedly the scarlet cheeks of Grace, he released her from his arm, and she flew with the step of a liberated prisoner, down the path that led to the garden. The world of her father had awakened her from one of the sweetest dreams that the imagination of sixteen ever indulged in. She had looked upto Lorraine as a superior being, admired, worshiped, loved him without one definite idea of his character. Even she she deem herself, she would as soon have thought to see the radiant God of Day steep from his sublime throne, as to see the idol of her own heart, with his lofty, cultivated mind, his glorious genius, his manly, noble bearing, descend to think of laying the colossal gifts at her feet. As long as she saw him every day, every hour, and he conversed, as he frequently did, familiarly with her mother of gentler and feeling, realized with him beneath the magnificent dome of heaven, and felt the very air embalmed by the breath of his almost divine wisdom, she was happy.

"It can't always be thus," she sighed she.—"He will go away soon. He will return to the world as I am, and I—what a dreary blank the whole world will be to me!"

Ah! simple Grace! little does she know you of the dreams that visit the pillow of the young heart. Why, here is but just awakened into being. Its capacities are in their dawning state, and if Lorraine could have looked into her bosom, he would have infused into her the intellectual life he has infused into her. The thirst for knowledge, the love of the beautiful, the yearning for the spiritual, the consciousness of immortality connected with earth—these he called into being. He had found her a blank. He may leave behind him regret, sorrow, and even anguish for a while—but these are

"capture to the dreary void,
The tenders dearest of the mind,
The waste of feelings unemployed."

"Of what are you so deeply thinking?" asked a well-known voice, as the stood pulling the withered roses from a luxuriant bush. She did not look up, but an irresistible impulse led her to utter the simple truth.

"I was thinking of what I should do, when you left us."

"How kind," said he, taking her hand, and bending low to kiss it, shaded by the rose bush, "those withered leaves lay scattered at her feet. "How more than kind, to bestow a thought on the poor friendless, who has been cast by Providence in your happy home. What shall I do, when I return to my dwelling place, after tasting here the sweets of social and domestic joy? I am on the last of an ill-fated race, that one by one have been visited to the hill scourge of the Northern clime."

Grace looked at him with wondering sympathy.

"My mother," he continued, "was a native of the North. She was married to my father very much against the consent of her parents, and transplanted to her home, and transmitted to me her delicate frame. Two brothers died in childhood. My mother, with her only child and her brother of human beings, after lingering for years, with the darkness of the grave settling around her, lay down to sleep by their side. My sweet sister, in the bloom of sixteen summers, followed next, leaving me the last of a doomed family—a frail leaf on a trembling and withered bough, waiting the blast of destiny to sweep me away."

Grace bowed her head in bitter tears that rained down her cheeks. Pity, and pity only, succeeded each other in her bosom. The earth, the garden, the world, and heaven itself seemed to fade into a grave-yard, where Death rioted at his ghastly banquet. She murmured at the decrees of that Providence, which could have one so pure, so good, so gifted as Lorraine, to an inevitable destiny. The sensation, which a little while before had filled her heart, when she felt cheeks with tidings from her young and bashful heart, was completely by the reflections called up by the melancholy recital.

Sixteen years!—just her own age! How awful to die so young! She looked at her own rosy youth and glowing health, and though Death seemed a mighty shadow resting at an immense distance, the possibility of its approaching her, even in life's bright morning, cast a sickly paleness over her face. She lifted her tearful glance in the face of her companion, and in the pallid, transparent, fatally colored cheek, the dark, restless eyes, through an atmosphere of tears, proceeding from afar, like the stars at Heaven, full of deep, unfathomable gloom, she read the history of his race, and felt that his prophecy would be fulfilled.

That the thought of him as dead, as cold and still, that the bright sun would never warm, the breath of Heaven never fan his manly brow, that cheek paler still, those star-like eyes quenched in everlasting night—and that pure, refined mind stiffened, she would it long be before she took flight! "To God, who is our home!" But in what part of that illimitable creation was his home and being, "to whom, and to what was he and through whom are all things?"

"I am troubled by your sad Lorraine," and I grieve for it. But you must not feel sad from sympathy. I am reconciled to my destiny—at times I rejoice in it—when I reflect that I may endure it means very easy to follow. Shall I tell you of a dream of mine? I dreamed that I was my mother's death, and as he it has been strangely fulfilled. I am not superstitious, but I cannot help sometimes thinking that I am a doomed."

"I would not like to believe in dreams," said Grace, sighing, "for I am subject to them. Pray, Tell M'lle still brighter the gloom of the present moment. I do indeed fell very, very sad."

"Who had better change the subject," said he, "I am young and selfish to dwell upon the mournful are these opening roses, curling their sweet lips as the zephyr passes them in its flight. O God had made me such a flower to gladden your eyes and breathe its sweet into our hearts, would that I could be like a bird of love."

"Your dream," repeated Grace. "I am listening for it. I can look at the flowers at my leisure."

"Indeed, Lorraine," my mother believing the advice of her physician, took my sister to the Springs, those very springs where we are now blessed by the presence of Lorraine. Here her languishing beauty seemed to revive, and she wrote me to come and bathe in those delicious waters, which she called the fountains of youth and health. One night, during my stay, I dreamed that I was in a deep, cool bath, and that the water was of a pale, pearly tint, quiet, so sequestered, I wondered in what scene of beauty it might lead. And as I entered it, I saw my young sister coming smiling and joyously towards me.

"Come, Edward," she, "brother, let us walk together. Is not this path lovely? It leads to the tomb of our brothers. The setting sun will shortly be approaching us, with love and tender golden ray sparkling on the marble. Rose just like those blushed by the dew of love. My sweet Lotta gathered them as we walked, and pulling off the petals scattered them in my path, looking all the while up to me for my smile and my love. I was vexed at the calmness and philosophy of the young sister.

"I tell you she is not happy," said he, in a voice of thrilling tone. "And I want you all to be a fool; by no means; she always was one. Since Wilma, though she did serve me such a shabby trick at Springa, is not very expensive woman, and was a first-rate teacher—she has improved since you knew her—she improved since you knew her—she overcomes better, she appears more womanly—but some how or other, she has lost the same playful little pose she used to be."

"She is more interesting to me than ever," replied Lorraine. "She has lost nothing of simplicity and candor, while she has gained the charm of feeling, of thought. I hope—I trust she is not lost happy, because less gay. Happiness is an inner feeling. The world seldom knows the deepest joy."

Mr. Rolland gave his pipe such a quick, sharp rap on the balustrade, that the ashes were shook out and broke it in a thousand pieces. He was vexed at the calmness and philosophy of the young man.

"I tell you she is not happy," said he, in a voice of thunder; "and I want you all to be a fool; by no means; she always was one. Since Wilma, though she did serve me such a shabby trick at Springa, is not very expensive woman, and was a first-rate teacher—she has

Miscellaneous.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF WILLIAM PENN.

[illegible]

I find the foregoing in the Bulletin, recently and judiciously in charge of Art. It is to be hoped that the visit there of Penn's statue will be followed by the like of Pennsylvania's other City of Brotherly Love. This picture by West, may be in the Academy of Fine Arts, and should not be the only picture there that is of Quakers; but it is the only one that is of Penn, and it is a noble one. Penn is a noble character. He is a noble figure. He is a noble subject. He is a noble theme. And Gilding writes to Penn the elder: "In your name, Dear Penne, [illegible] &c." Dear Penn is a noble child, of Penn, and of Penne.

Penn, when a young blood of war and wine, was by Pepys, (Samuel Pepys, the [illegible] Diarist,) "taken up" for "wine," "drunk," "abusive to the Constable, Sir William," as entering a "house," and "[illegible] with a sword." Penn, himself, I am told, was [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and

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PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1853.

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STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
No. 66 Seven Years Building, Third Story,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Blank Bills, Way Cards, Circulars, Handbills, Cards, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the best manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DRAGON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

General News.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

In a portion of our last week's edition, we were able to chronicle the arrival of the *Prometheus*, with $1,000,000 in gold, and advices to July 16th. This was the brief trip by the new route by the way of Panama and the river San Juan—and occupied only 27 days.

The Vigilance Committee in San Francisco were accomplishing the object for which they were created, by hanging and otherwise punishing murderers, thieves, and other villains. According to a correspondent of the *Herald*, which may be true, but which is probably greatly exaggerated, "there have been a great propensity to magnify their accomplishments. Within these three weeks it will scarcely cross five hundred fatalities who have met with their deaths at their hands."

PRESIDENT FILLMORE on the Union.—The President recently said, in a speech at Staunton, Virginia:

"I have no promises to make, except that in all I do I shall endeavor to discharge my duty, and still assume all the responsibilities of the position to which the people may see fit to place me; and while that duty lasts, (pointing to the flag floating above the balcony,) I will maintain that Constitution and the Union it secures, as far as the power is vested in me. (Great applause.)

THE NEXT CONGRESS.—The *New York Herald* gives the following account of the next Congress:

"The Thirty-second Congress will be largely Democratic. Of the 62 members of the Senate, 38 are Democrats and 24 Whigs. Of the 233 members and 10 Whigs. Two of the Democrats are from vacancies, and the Democratic majority in the House, over the Whigs, is 58. Consequently, the Democratic majority in Congress, on joint ballot, will be 58 Whigs and 62 Democrats, making the Democratic majority 4. The Democratic majority in the Senate is also 4. Of the 233 members of the House, 140 are Democrats, and 91 Whigs, a Democratic gain of 54. Signal gains are made in Massachusetts, and taking the last Congress as a criterion of that State, the Democratic majority will be 10 Whigs and 52 Democrats, making the Democratic majority in the House 42. Of the Senators not elected, Wright 91, Democrat; 162, 'If by any chance the election of Senators should devolve upon the House, the Democratic candidate will be elected on the first ballot.

ALABAMA.—Henry W. Collier, the Secessionist candidate for Governor, has been elected. Tocqueville announces that Alabama voted three votes for Five Votes and two Secession Congressmen are elected.

KENTUCKY.—Powell (Democrat) is believed to be elected.—notwithstanding reports to the contrary. Flag (Democrat) is elected in the 9th district. Dr. Clay (Emancipationist) has 2,180 votes in 60 out of 70 counties. Florence Clay resides) Dixon had 756, Clay 670, and Powell 313.

TENNESSEE.—Campbell is believed to be elected Governor. The Legislature is Democratic. Jones is said to be 7, and in the House 3. The Whigs also gain, it is said, one member of Congress.

COLORED CONVENTION.—A Convention of free people of color, in session at Indianapolis, is expected to adopt measures to induce a large emigration to the interests of all legal persons, by the unanimous action of the States. There is said to exist among its members a strong inclination to remove out of the State of Indiana to some other country, where they hope to enjoy greater social advantages. After which they will immediately proceed to form a large empire, providing that should the war with Mexico continue, they will recommend that to be taken. They would recommend that to be taken. They would recommend that to be taken. They would

Selected Poetry.

"COME THIS WAY, FATHER."

[During a visit paid to the members of our State, several years since, by a party of gentlemen from Washington, one of the number, a Senator from the far West, was accompanied by his little daughter, a child of some five years of age. Having occasion to leave the room for a few moments, the little girl, missing her father, and supposing the right way to be the left, proceeded through the long corridor in search of him. Unable to find the object of her search, she returned to the room, and, addressing the company generally, inquired, "Which way did my father go?" No answer being given, she repeated the question, and, receiving the same response, she looked around upon the company, and, with a look of disappointment, exclaimed, "Why don't you tell me which way my father went?" Then, with a sweet voice, she added, "Come this way, father!—I'm waiting for you!"]

I'm waiting here, father,
Whatever guided my way
Where lost or the day
Peg-makers'll be done,
Takes the colors of a child,
As he stood on the shore—
It reminded of those
Out the dark father answer—
"Come this way, my father!
"Come this way, father!
Dear child! for me!
I am waiting for thee!"

I remember that voice,
As I led our hour way
Midst words and thoughts unfit to utter
And high dashing spray!
How sweet to my heart
Did it sound from the shore,
As it echoed out clear
Over the dark father's roar—
"Come this way, my father!
"Come this way, father!
Dear child! for me!
I am waiting for thee!"

I remember my own
When I held to my breast
The form of that dear one,
And soothed it to rest;
For the tones of my child
Could not be my own,
"I am calling you, father!
Oh, you are not busy
The voice of your dearest
As you true on life's sea!
"Come this way, father!
I am waiting for thee."

I remember that voice;
It many a time
I spoke to my heart
With fresh harmony and power,
And often echoed to me
Over life's troubled wave,
The sounds from loved lips
That lie in the grave—
"Come this way, father!
Oh, come straight for me
Then safely to Heaven
I am waiting for thee!"

Waverley Mag.

Things in Hungary.

HR. BRACE'S IMPRISONMENT.

[For the following interesting letter from Mr. Brace, describing his imprisonment in Hungary, and his release, we are indebted to the New York Tribune:]

Brunn, Saturday, July 13th, 1851.

I might apologize for keeping the public at my disposal so long, but I will not. I will not, as it is a matter affecting the rights of every American citizen, and, therefore, public property. I will assume, the present American system in Hungary, I shall not fear to say somewhat more regarding it.

In my last letter, I spoke of my not consisting to bother the central authorities in the fortress, and of the expression which I there made of my Republican principles. What I said to the chief of N. on my first, I repeated to the last. I left Pesth dragged on after it, day after day, in the same resolutions. Whether I was right or wrong in uttering in the grave world around me, we could leave nothing of it. Rumors reached us of wars and of peace, of victories and defeats, across Europe and the "Northern Powers." A new prisoner, too, told us of the Russian army already occupying Philadelphia and N. We were greatly excited by it, and rejoiced; but further than this, we heard nothing. All hope might be turning into a revolution, and we be there utterly unconscious. We used to sometimes imagine to ourselves we heard the distant cannon of the battle between the fortress, and the Prussians shooting "Vivat Hungaria!" but we were always disappointed, and we plodded on the same dull life. However, it was singular there, as in every part of Europe where I have been, the Hungarian cause was most strong that, in the Spring of 1852, a mighty change in Europe's favor, for good or for evil, was the most important result of the gigantic struggle. He uttered it probable, whether for or against our cause, and we had a great many pleasant conversations together. The charge against him, was, that he had published a work entitled "Kossuth," which he was in a wine-house, and said that "all the other leaders were dead—hanged, shot, and dishonored hanging!" For this, he would probably be there in prison for three months, and then be drafted into the Austrian army as a common soldier for a year! There are not a few of the best blood of Hungary now in the ranks as privates. The great consolation is, that they are probably corrupting the whole army!

The children and wife of the prisoners are sent here, are singular enough. The *Baron*, with whom I have talked very often, are mostly Italians. One of them is a son of *Silvio Pellico*, and "or or talking among themselves about the elevation of their father, and again the Spielberg and feeding the rations, or similar offenses! One is here for having a musket concealed in his house. He certainly could not have intended to use it against into the hands of their conquerors. But the most interesting case is that of the Austrian lt. They were held their tongue! It may one at home will imagine a whole history of our fate, ourselves, and our prospects. Count Inhospitality, the Regent formed between entirely per right down under the Austrian power, and I dreaded to see the day. *Farrow* is at every man's others, where every word and every moment is watched, and a passport is needed for a day's go to the next town, he will get a little idea of the difficulties of the Hungarians under their new Government.

One of the *Barons* told me he had *twenty-five* guards, located on his farm, and that there were thousands laid in the same way among the possessions. These Hungarian peasants are tremendous believers for fighting—nearly always among themselves, the first or most high, and need to vent the exuberance of every sort. They look-out, even in the prison, like old carnivora, as they stalked around disdain in their large sheep-skins. One of them said to me, that if Kossuth should ever come back, there would not be a peasant in the

Wit and Humor.

(From a Review in the Literary World, of Sanders's "College Words and Customs.")

The three most obnoxious bugs in creation are Yankees, Irishmen, and Jews. The Yankee is the most intolerable because of the bold face of his pretensions. He is a cross between the Jew and the Irishman, and has the cunning of the one and the impudence of the other. The Irishman is the most humorous of the three, and the Jew the most industrious and economical; so much so, that he has got all the money in the world. The Yankee is a mere adventurer, and has no money to speak of. He is a sort of Ishmaelite, and will be found without means anywhere.

Among the gentlemen, though in another part of the country, we have had the most delightful intercourse with the most distinguished and liberal of Hungary, has received a short time before his arrest, a letter from a friend in Pesth, in which the writer says: "We always see her, in her walk with the Prince, and she looks very happy. She is a noble woman, and I am glad she is happy. I wish you could see her riding on horseback. She is a splendid rider. She rides astride, and looks very handsome in her riding dress. She is very fond of me, and I am very fond of her. She is a noble woman, and I am glad she is happy. I wish you could see her riding on horseback. She is a splendid rider. She rides astride, and looks very handsome in her riding dress. She is very fond of me, and I am very fond of her. She is a noble woman, and I am glad she is happy."

I cannot mention whether he was not away he had engaged in the Revolution, to get only that my recollection is, that he did not. He was a young man, and had been in the army. He had a very handsome face, and a very fine figure. He was a splendid rider, and looked very handsome on horseback. He was a splendid rider, and looked very handsome on horseback. He was a splendid rider, and looked very handsome on horseback